

Good Morning 745

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

O.K. REPORT from No. 178 for Tel. Bob Vant

YOUR mother, Telegraphist Bob Vant, was all smiles when we visited 178, St. Martin's Flats, Dymoke Street, Birmingham.

She sat in the same settee where you have sat on many a night and told us she had just heard from Dennis and that he hopes to meet you on his travels.

Barbara sends you her best wishes: your mother saw her recently. Old Peke over at the "Emily" is well and has a few pints waiting for you. The wireless set is still going—your mother said this would be welcome news for you.

Ernest and his wife have gone into a new pub, and your mother has been over to see



them and to give them a hand. You'll probably be able to help them out behind the bar when you get some leave, Bob!

You know your mother has a Miss Dodwell staying with her now. She says they are very happy together, and the flat isn't so lonely as before.

Your mother may have a move when there are more houses about.

So everything is O.K. at No. 178. Your mother looked very well indeed, and you need not worry about her at all.

Goal Record Beaten when Dixie Nodded

FORTY thousand excited and expectant spectators crowded into Goodison Park, home of Everton Football Club, line, swung over a high, accurate centre. Up went five heads.

One name was on everybody's lips—"Dixie" Dean. The previous Wednesday the greatest goal-scorer in English football had scored four against Burnley, thus bringing his total to 57.

Three more goals were still needed if he were to break the League record of 59, set-up by smiling George Camsell, of Middlesbrough. Many thought Dean might do the trick.

Others, noting that Arsenal were to be Everton's opponents, were not so sure about it; hence the great crowd at Goodison Park.

Charlie Buchan, making his last appearance in League football, was leading Arsenal, and it was recognised that his team-mates were all out to give him a good send-off.

Soon after the kick-off the

Everton attack began to show its skill, and the home right-winger, darting down the touch-line, swung over a high, accurate centre. Up went five heads.

A curly head topped all others, a neat nod—and Dixie Dean had scored his 58th goal.

The fans went crazy with excitement, and when a penalty kick was awarded against Arsenal there were shouts of "Let Dixie take it."

There was no need for this advice, for Dean, placing the ball carefully on the spot, looked up, noted the spot where he intended to place the ball, took a short run, his foot hit the ball, and before the goalkeeper knew what had happened it was resting in the back of the net.

George Camsell's record had been equalised!

Arsenal, in the meantime, had been playing some good football, and when they scored their

third goal it looked as if Everton were booked for defeat. The visiting defenders were now keeping a firm grip upon Dean, and as the minutes began to tick away, and the referee looked at his watch, many wondered if Dean, after all, would not have to be content with equalling the record.

Then Alec Troup, Everton's clever left-winger, made off down the wing.

He beat the Arsenal right-half, and was cutting in when a defender slid at the ball and put it over the line for a corner.

Everyone on the ground realised that this might well be Bill Dean's last chance—and "Dixie," bobbing up and down in the goal-mouth, watched carefully as Troup placed the ball.

Then, as coolly as if he were at practice, the left-winger swung the ball into the middle.

Half a dozen heads bobbed into the air—but once again Dean's dark curly hair stood out, once more he nodded the ball down—and it was in the net!

A matter of seconds later the whistle blew for time.

Bill Dean, the idol of the crowd, had beaten all records in League football—and to-day that record of 60 goals in 39 League matches remains unbeaten.

JOHN ALLEN.

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

P.S. TO FILMS FUTURE

BY quoting Sir Alec Korda, I will add a postscript to a recent article dealing with your prospects in the film industry.

First, there is a great future in British films. That great future will need all the young enthusiasm we can recruit in the next few years.

But before proceeding, Sir Alec asks you, "Do you see films merely as a soft way of earning big money? Answer that question truthfully, Yes or No."

If your answer is "Yes" you need read no more. It just isn't that way at all. And another thing, if you happen to be one of the many who want to act on the silver screen, my advice is don't. I assure you that acting for the films is not so much gaily and easy money.

The film is a hard taskmaster. It demands great talent, good looks and a tremendous capacity for sheer hard work. And all this goes for nothing unless you are blessed with good luck. You may have all the attributes of success and fight for years for recognition or stardom.

Clark Gable worked for fifteen years and was over thirty before belated good luck came his way. Greer Garson had seven years of heartbreaking apprenticeship before she became a star.

But you must know that behind these people you see on the screen there are hundreds of other people who have taken part in the fascinating adventure of film making.

Next time you go to a cinema read those "credits" again. Read the names of the men and

women who have made the film, and remember, there are many others, too, whose names are not on the screen.

Someone once worked out that roughly fifty-three trades go into making up the simplest close-up. And I can tell you that equally interesting as any acting job are those behind the camera.

Imagine you are watching the shooting of a close-up. You would be surprised to see how many people are behind the camera when there are only two in front of the lens.

You will see the clapper boy. He's the humblest of all the employees, but his clapper marks the synchronisation of sound and light as he stands nearby ready for the beginning of the take.

You will see the cameraman and his assistants. They, ready for action, know to each detail the intricacies of shooting and the ranges of focus required for each second of the scene about to be played.

You will see the chief electrician making the last survey of his involved arrangement of lights. He is the first lieutenant of the cameraman,

the magician of lighting. Upon his technical skill depends the very appearance of the film.

The most dramatic scene ever imagined by a director could lose its drama and the loveliest face that ever appeared before the camera could lose all its beauty and appeal if the cameraman and the electricians failed in their jobs.

Every one of the electricians—and there are a great number of them—has a job of individual importance, and their activity is vital to the film.

Apart from all the highly technical arrangements of lights, correct powers and correct colours, they have to be prepared for a dozen other snags. For instance, the wandering microphone stealing over to catch the hero's whispered words might cast a shadow over the face of the heroine.

Theirs is a good job, full of interest and problems. You will see as well the continuity girls and many other skilled men and women.

And remember, these are only a few of the people you will see when the film is being shot. But long before the camera was brought upon the scene, before the scenery and furniture had arrived an army of people had been busy at the dozens of jobs to make that set.

Art directors, set designers and dress designers. Make-up men and hairdressers. Property men who have collected

thousands of articles needed for the film, from a drawing pin on the desk to a ship in full sail. Set furnishers and set dressers. Paperhangers and carpet layers. The set is the product of scores of craftsmen, architects and draughtsmen, carpenters and builders, plumbers and painters and metal workers.

Such craftsmen who find their way to the film studios are usually already highly paid and they have to learn an entirely new technique. Their work is no longer designed to stand the test of ages. They become builders of the make-believe, of streets without houses and of houses without streets. Co-ordinating all these various workers into a team that

USELESS EUSTACE



"No! The stiff broom, you dope! We're in the rough!"

will produce a film are the director and producer and his staff and scenario writers, artists and musicians.

So you see there are many jobs the film world has to offer you. And throughout all these ranks runs a heartening spirit of comradeship in the adventure of film making.

The craftsman and technicians and professional men in the British film industry are as fine as any in the world. They can be the nucleus of the future thousands who will find employment in films in this country.

All these jobs are open to you.

OVERBOARD

DIVERS of the U.S. Army have recently started recovering treasure of more than £2,000,000 from the bottom of Manila Bay.

In 1942 the fall of Corregidor seemed inevitable, and Filipino gold and securities were sent out of the country by submarine. However, there was not enough time for it all to be got away, so what was left was dumped into the sea.

The ocean floor was covered with scattered pieces of silver by the million, and this was the job which confronted the divers when they set to work to recover as much as was possible.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is: c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Editorially Yours, Tel. Jimmy James

FOR Leading Telegraphist Jimmy James we present a picture of Mrs. Maureen James taken as she sat in the Editor's chair. She was on leave from the W.R.N.S. when she called on "Good Morning," and she could not have arrived at a more convenient time.

You see, we are usually rather cramped for space in the office, but as she came after the canteen opened, the Old Boy was, of course, drinking his

cocoa downstairs, so we were able to borrow his chair. He never found out who had been sitting in it when he got back, because Mrs. James by that time had departed.

Your wife sends you her love, Jimmy, and hopes you will soon be home, and she is joined in this latter sentiment by both May O'Brien and your sister Violet, who came along to the office to keep her company.

Home Town Gossip

SEVENTY tons of fish were condemned as unfit for human consumption or left unsold because of poor quality over one week-end at Aberdeen Fish Market. Condemned fish was mostly from Iceland carrier ships. Many fish merchant's stayed away from the market because it was the local holiday.

ABERDEEN Food Committee members queued up with

the kids for ice-cream. Complaints of profiteering were received, and the members, led by Barbe Duncan Fraser, collected evidence—and a lot of "sliders," too.

Formerly a two penny "sliders" cost a shilling in some shops. A sixpenny ice is now two bob.

There is a difficulty in fixing prices, as the Ministry of Food does not lay down specified ingredients.



A Visit to Brigham Young

IT is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, Saint Paul, the immaculateness as I very well remember, of the Mormin Church and the since I crossed the Planes for Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. Sez I, "I'm on it!" While crossin the Planes all so I make it a pint to git along bold I fell in with sum noble red plesunt, tho I didn't know what men of the forest (N.B. This is under the Sun the old feller was rote Sarcascul. Injins is Pizin, drivin at. He sed I mite show. whar ever found), which they Sed "You air a marrid man, Mister I was their Brother, and wantid for Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to to smoke the Calomel of Peace rite him som free parsis.

They then stole my jerk beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my origin grinder and scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shoold meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds.

If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons, as our skool-master, who has got Talent into him, cussycally observe.*

I arrive at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U.S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons, but really to eat Salt vittles play poker and other beautiful but somewhat onsartin games.

I got acquainted with sum of the officers. They lookt putty scorpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttins onto um and ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax fingers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City.

So I called on Brigham Yung, as I sot down in a cheer which the grate mogull among the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfur my here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, banner to the jentle breezis.

He lookt at me in a austeer of this consecrated land which manner for a few minits, and air Sealed to me.

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a trag-

gerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on and when two of 'em get into a row he has 'em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoos is Sir?" I axed.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to to smoke the Calomel of Peace rite him som free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I certainly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck and Barskin in the win-

nin smiles of his interestin wives.

He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum.

The house is powerful big and in an exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the rote rife orf the house.

The wimin was of all sizes and ages.

Sum was pretty and sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my inten-

tions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Prose rittins, tho ef occashun requies I can jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed and sez it is wuss nor cleanin house.

He don't pretend to know his tho they all know him.

He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, and he takes it for grantid it is so.

His wives air very expensive. They allers want suthin and ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar.

"Long may they wave!" sez I, seeing I shoold git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives.

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He sez he don't have a minnit's peace.

His wives fite among theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit,

and when two of 'em get into a row he has 'em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoos is

settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring.

Sometimes they abooz hisself individooally. They hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots and he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-

handles, broomsticks and sich.

Occashunly they git mad and scald him with bilin hot water.

When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark clocit, prevly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly.

Sometimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake and steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv.

"I find that the keers of a marrid life way hev onto me," sed the Profit, "and sumtimes I wish I'd remained singel."

I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to.

On my way I was overtuk by a large krowd of Mormons, which they surrounded me and statid

that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin' round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun bid-

din us go into A Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales and swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gittin putty rily.

"Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a pround and defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the Unitted States!"

"Oh, now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femaile, puttin thare arms rownd me in lovin stile. "Becum I of us. Becum a Preest and hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh, stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, and I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you wont," sez I. "Awa, you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go and be a Nun-

tery!"

That's what I sed, jes so.

"And I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "He bet two dollers and a half you wont!"

Whare ear I may Rome He still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane!

(N.B. Betsy Jane is my wife's sirnaime.)

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear

in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"Ille see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare in-furnal noncents.

I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen.

I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin and onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in any spot on the Globe.

THE END.

A One day story by Artemus Ward

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Yes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretouol wives," sed Mister Yung.

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"Long may they wave!" sez I, seeing I shoold git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives.

He don't do it only onct a yere, and sez it is wuss nor cleanin house.

He don't pretend to know his tho they all know him.

He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, and he takes it for grantid it is so.

His wives air very expensive. They allers want suthin and ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar.

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Wangling Words No. 683

- 1. Behead a journey and get a tear.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Dribs nife kame hasterer enif.**
- 3. What meat can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **He — the truck to the quay to collect the haul of the sponge —.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 682

- 1. S-loop.
- 2. It's a long lane that has no turning.
- 3. Tile, Lime, Lath.
- 4. Design, signed.

JANE

Parliament of Golf

THE origin of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews goes far back, for golf was being extensively played in Scotland in the fifteenth century: but its beginnings, as far as being the ruling body of the sport is concerned, may be said to date from 1834 when King William IV approved of the style of "Royal and Ancient" being applied to the club of which he was patron.

Three years later he presented a gold medal to be competed for annually, and on his death, the dowager Queen Adelaide presented a gold medal, to be worn on public occasions by the president.

The St. Andrew's Club was one of the places, with a course that was the best known in the world, and is still one of the greatest. When the increasing popu-

larity of golf, especially in England, brought forward a demand for a more precise code of rules, it was naturally to St. Andrew's that the players turned. The St. Andrew's Club, it was argued, should occupy a place in golf like that occupied in cricket by the M.C.C.

But the St. Andrew's Club was not anxious to become the recognised final authority on the game. However, in the end it gave in to the many demands. The actual legislation and rulings are considered by the "Rules of Golf Committee." All

the members of this committee are members of the Royal and Ancient Club, but it by no means follows that they are all natives of St. Andrews, or even Scots. The membership of the Royal

R. L. STEPHENS traces the origin of the Royal and Ancient game

and Ancient Club now covers the whole of the British Isles and the Committee is thoroughly representative of the game in England, Wales and Ireland as well as Scotland.

All questions requiring a decision, whether sent by clubs or individual players, are considered by the committee every month.

It does not necessarily meet every month, points sometimes being decided by post, and the general meeting of the club can accept or reject the rulings of the Committee. Normally, of course, it accepts the decisions. In any case, until the matter has been brought before a general meeting, the ruling has the force of law.

In addition to considering special points, the committee from time to time considers the rules of golf generally, although these have now been fairly stabilised for some time.

For women golfers there is the Ladies' Golf Union, with its headquarters in Victoria, London, which makes decision for women golfers.

As by agreement the Ladies' Golf Union accepts the rulings of the Rules of Golf Committee, in effect, the St. Andrew's Club controls the game throughout the British Isles.

The most famous of the championships, the "Open," was founded not by the St. Andrew's Club, but by Prestwick in 1860, with the presentation of a belt.

This was won outright in 1870 by Tom Morris, and in 1872 St. Andrew's and Musselburgh joined with Prestwick in presentation of a cup which was to be played for in perpetuity.

The Open was played in turn over the courses of these clubs, but in due course Muirfield was substituted for Musselburgh and Hoylake, Sandwich and Deal in England added to the venues for the premier competition.

The U.S. Golf Association was formed in 1895 and works with the Royal and Ancient Club, but neither accepts the other's rulings as binding.

With the great improvements in the ball, the U.S. has sought to limit it.

Solution to Puzzle in No. 744

- 1. r a F t s
- 2. f i L l y
- 3. t r E a t
- 4. d u M m y
- 5. t r I a l
- 6. p a N i c
- 7. m a G i c

People Are Queer

NOBODY quite knew what to do about it. It was the first time it had happened, and tradition dies hard. So when Second Officer D. Garrette Reid, of the Wrens, sailed as the only woman in a crew of 2,000 officers and men on the battleship "Duke of York," on her trip from Ceylon to Australia, they decided she must be called "Sir." And so it was.

Second Officer Reid, whose trip created a precedent in the Navy, was given the cabin previously used by Admiral Fraser, C-in-C, British Pacific Fleet, and was waited upon by the Admiral's steward.

She had been places before, since she joined the Wrens in 1940—going from a secretarial job in London. She spent part of her service in a tent in the African desert; later went to Durban, South Africa; and then to Ceylon, where she was stationed in the jungle.

So she'll have something to tell the people at home—Monkham Avenue, Woodford Green, is the address—when she gets back.

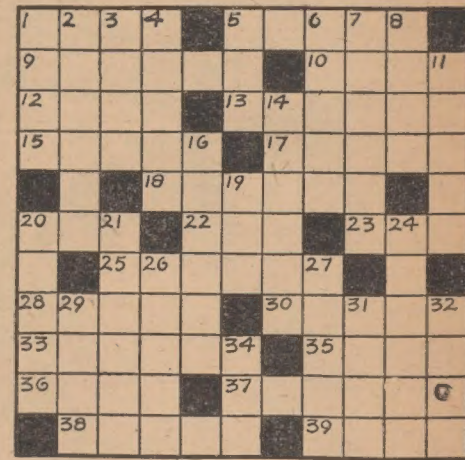
Yes, SIR!

THE things people do! A Watchet, Somerset man, visiting Blackburn, left a coat with £700 stitched into a pocket on a bus—and got it back! On a bus in Baker Street, London, the conductor came across a Mills bomb some careless passenger had left behind.

D. N. K. B

CROSS-WORD CORNER

BIFF FOEMAN
UNRIPE HOBO
SCALENE ORE
THYME PETAL
L SPLICED
EFT HOD DEW
LITOTES H
BANAL MAPLE
END EDITION
AGES ACETIC
NEREID DYNE



CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Wind rush. 5 Fling. 9 Resist. 10 Ramble. 12 Sailor's cry. 13 Musically quick. 15 Put off. 17 Made of grain. 18 Deceive. 20 Officer. 22 Steamboat. 23 Beam. 25 Settle. 28 Possessor. 30 Girl's name. 33 Frothed. 35 Part of ear. 36 Fuss. 37 Perfect place. 38 Lancers. 39 Aerie.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Urge sharply. 2 Maintained. 3 Place. 4 Trifled. 5 Go. 6 Walk. 7 Street seller. 8 Ill-will. 11 Coins. 14 Rowdy ones. 16 Withdraw. 19 Pull. 20 Upward. 21 Dominion. 24 Rock plant. 26 Fruit. 27 Claw. 29 Deal. 31 Cordage. 32 Inflame. 34 Proper.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

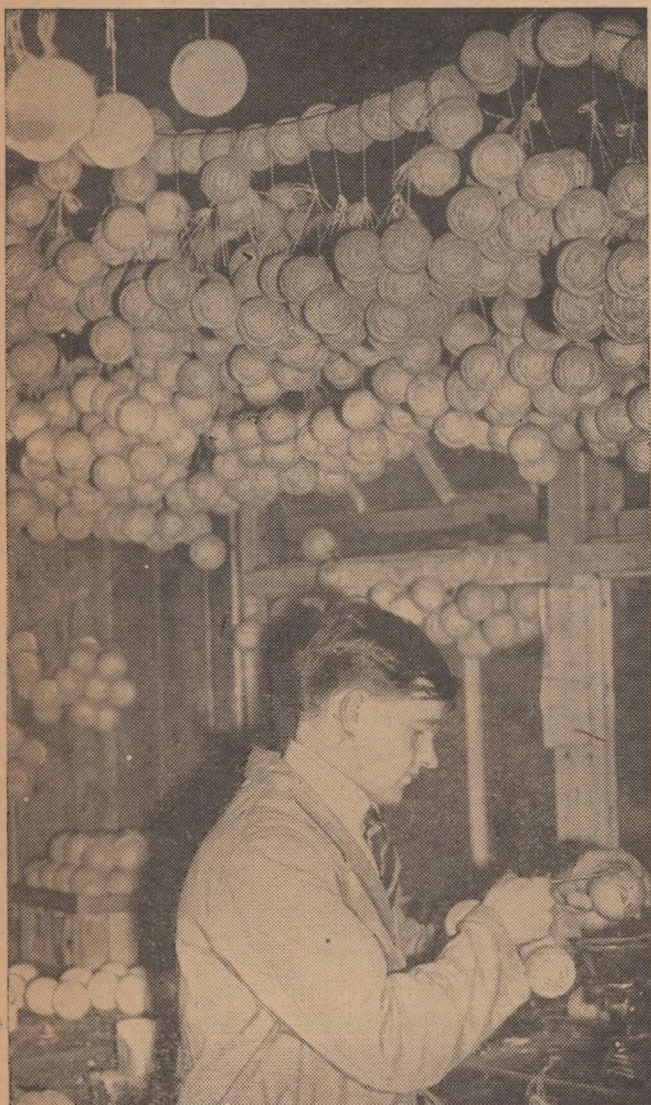


Good Morning



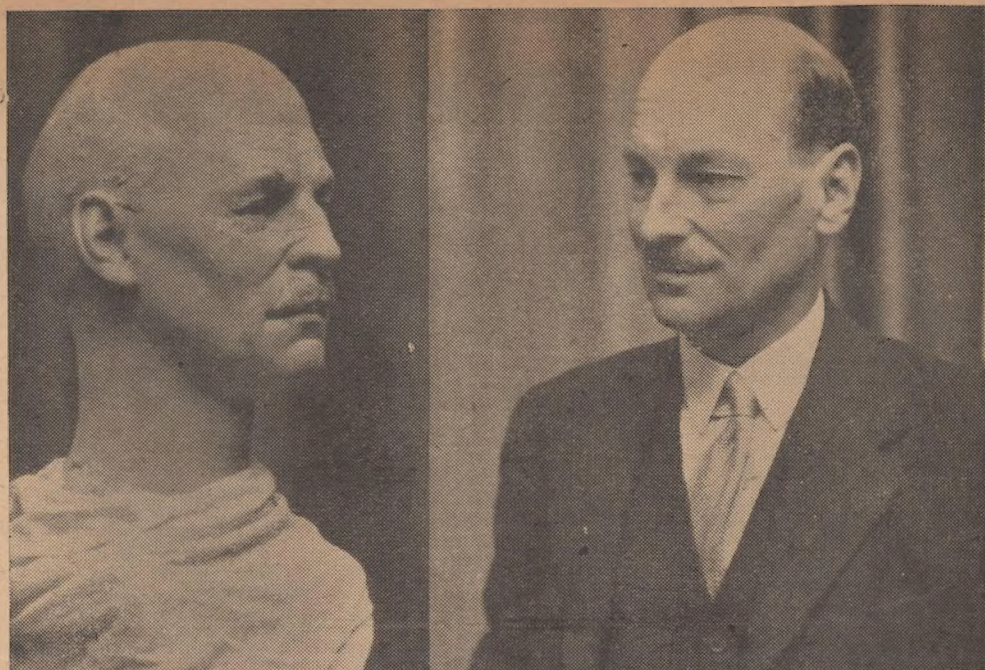
THIS ENGLAND — EVACUATED !

When Hitler's bombs began to fall on the little streets of London, the children began to stream out into the countryside. Carrying their gas-masks and a little packet of sandwiches, they trooped out from a world of bricks and cement to find what green fields, and streams, and hedgerows, and tall trees really looked like. These little Londoners found their particular peace in the Wiltshire village of Castle Coombe.



BALLS—CRICKET, FOR USE OF.

In the oldest cricket-ball factory in England—at Teston, near Maidstone—they are busily making balls for the coming season. Our picture shows a man weighing a ball before it is stitched and polished. We don't know how much a cricket ball weighs (officially), but we know what it feels like !



CLEM ATTLEE GOES TO THE HALL OF FAME.

Clement Richard Attlee, Prime Minister of England, looks long and searchingly at his effigy that will appear (when finished) in Madame Tussaud's wax-work show. Personally we think it's an excellent likeness—but we would like to hear what Mrs. Attlee has to say about it !



**REAL SILK !
FULLY-FASHIONED !
CLINGING FIT !
SUSPENDER-PROOF
WELT !**

Leslie Brooks, Columbia's pensive Penelope, aggravatingly reveals that there are still stockings in the world !



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Go on ! Say they've got a double gusset at seat !"



A BITTER BLOW.

With the price of bitter what it is, it's coming a bit too thick when the publican's pony strolls into the bar and swipes a drink. This disgraceful situation occurs regularly at "The Owl," at High Beech, Essex. Don't say we haven't warned you !